

McCANN FAMILY ABANDON HOPE

Missing Girl "In Hands of God; We Must Be Re-signed," Says Brother.

BROOKLYN POLICE ADMIT FAILURE

Columbia Student Again Avers Letter Had Nothing to Do with Disappearance.

The detectives of the Brooklyn Police Department admitted yesterday they had made no progress in solving the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Jessie E. McCann, the settlement worker and member of St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, who left her home at No. 425 East 21st street, Flatbush, ten days ago.

"My sister is in God's hands," said Robert G. McCann, the girl's brother, who also is a member of St. Mark's. "We have got to be resigned to the situation and leave the matter to the Almighty. But we hope it is His will that she be restored to us."

Young Mr. McCann said he knew the feeling of resignation would be misconstrued by some, because it had already been implied that the family had a pretty good idea of his sister's whereabouts. "It only shows how people love scandals," said the young man. "There are some people who are always looking for something wrong."

Young Mr. McCann asserted he took a hopeful view of the situation, notwithstanding his father's fears that his daughter had committed suicide. The elder McCann still spends a large part of each day on the beach at Coney Island looking for the body to be washed up in the surf.

L. Wendel Squires, the Columbia student, who first met the missing school worker at Good Ground last summer, spent all day yesterday at the home of the McCanns. He at first refused to see the newspaper reporters, but finally consented to talk, after coming to an understanding with young McCann as to what he should reveal on the point of his reported engagement to Miss McCann.

Squires made it clear he was willing to marry the missing girl upon her return, but he said there was no engagement. He regarded himself, however, as Miss McCann's suitor, and for that reason was doing all he could to aid in finding her.

The student would not make public the contents of the letter he had written which was received by the missing girl the day she left home, and which was said to have caused her to shed tears about the note was that it referred to the postponement of an engagement he had with Miss McCann, and to his studies. There was no mention of love or marriage.

Squires was asked if he was certain that a discovery of the letter might not reveal other things than he had mentioned.

"Well, I am willing to take a chance on that," he answered. "I have taken chances before."

Both Squires and the girl's brother denied the letter had caused Miss McCann to cry, or that it had any bearing on the disappearance. Squires said he believed the girl had this letter and others from him with her when she disappeared. He claimed the early statements of some of his classmates that his acquaintance with Miss McCann was only casual was based on a misapprehension on their part. He visited and wrote to her often, but he said it would be difficult to explain their mutual confidences.

Squires' opinion of Miss McCann's mental condition during his acquaintance differed materially from that of members of the McCann family. "I never noticed anything wrong with her," he said last night. "When I was with her she was happy, very happy. If she was uncheerful in her moods it was not while I was around." He said he did recall that about three weeks ago she complained about not being able to sleep.

Detective Brionton, of the Brooklyn police, spent yesterday at Good Ground, L. I., the home of Squires. He was satisfied the girl was not at Good Ground but hoped to gain information that might throw some light on the case.

CAUGHT AFTER LONG RIDE

Man, Accused as Pickpocket, Doubles About on "L" Lines.

A chase of an alleged pickpocket occurred yesterday along the lines of the Third Avenue Elevated eastward and resulted in the arrest of Abraham Schwartz. William Golden, who, with a woman companion, was a passenger on a south-bound Third Avenue train, said he saw Schwartz steal money from a man in the car. At that moment the train pulled up at the 149th street station and Schwartz got off.

Golden followed the suspected man, who stepped across the island platform at that station and entered a northbound train.

Golden then called Special Officer Schenckberg, and the two men followed Schwartz to 165th street, where he left the train.

As the man was going down the steps Schenckberg blew his police whistle and Detective Quick and Meyer, who were passing, placed Schwartz under arrest.

When searched at the police station \$5 in silver, but no bills were found on the prisoner.

RUNAWAY IMPERILS WOMEN

Animal Drags Policeman Many Feet Before Halt Comes.

A crowd of women worshippers who had just left the Roman Catholic Church of St. Antony, on Manhattan avenue, Greenpoint, narrowly escaped injury yesterday, when a runaway horse dashed among them at Noble and Lorimer streets. Accident was prevented by Sergeant Hugh J. Meehan, of the Greenpoint avenue station.

The horse was being driven by Abraham Rosenberg, of No. 655 Lorimer street. The animal took fright at Lorimer and Frost streets and bolted. The horse ran along Lorimer street to Noble street, where the thoroughfare ends.

As the runaway appeared the women scattered, while the horse ran nearly up the sidewalk while swerving around the corner. Sergeant Meehan seized the runaway by the bridle and was dragged for fifty feet before he stopped the horse.



MISS MARGARET LIMA.

MAN GIRL SHOT MAY LIVE

Victim of Bullet Fired by Miss Lima Now Conscious.

Meyer Simons, who was shot Saturday by Miss Margaret Lima because, as she said, he refused to marry her, rallied at the Harlem Hospital last night. Although the doctors had at first despaired of his life, they now believe the patient has a chance to recover.

Miss Lima fired six shots at Simons, but only one took effect. The bullet struck him in the abdomen and lodged against his spine. No attempt will be made just now to remove the bullet. Simons, after being unconscious for several hours, came out of coma yesterday. No one was allowed to question him as to his relations with the girl. When he was shot he told the police he never had promised to marry Miss Lima.

Miss Lima was found by the police resting on a bench in Stuyvesant Park. She was sent back to her parents Friday, after spending two days at the Children's Society.

CRIPPLED BOY NEEDS AID

Neighbors Appeal for Lad Who Lost Leg in Saving Chum.

He probably never heard of Tiny Tim, and he knows little of Christmas cheer, for his parents have always had a hard struggle, but Judge Frank V. Millard and the other men associated with him in the Cripples' Welfare Society feel certain that if some generous souls knew the plight of little Bernard Brown the lad would be happier this Christmas than he was last.

Last Christmas Bernard, who is thirteen years old and lives at No. 309 East 50th street, was lying on a hospital cot, his right leg having been amputated. His recovery was doubtful, and his small brothers and sisters—four of them, and all but one younger than he—were praying for his recovery.

Bernard lost his leg in this manner: A playmate, George Laddy, eight years old, fell down an airway in East 53th street. His clothes caught on some railings and the boy was hanging in a helpless state when Bernard came to his rescue. In saving Laddy young Brown injured his leg so badly it had to be amputated.

His father, who is a watchman, earning \$10 a week, cannot afford to purchase an artificial limb and neighbors brought the case to the attention of the Cripples' Welfare Society. One hundred dollars is needed. Checks may be made payable to the Rev. Arthur T. Brooks and sent to No. 154 Fifth avenue.

FLYING DUTCHMAN HAS GHOSTLY RIVAL

Esmeralda, Lost 40 Years Ago, Rams Bark at Midnight in Southern Sea.

The crew of the Nova Scotian bark Delmont, who arrived here yesterday from Buenos Ayres, stoutly maintain that their vessel was run down near Rio by a phantom full rigged ship. Most of them agreed that it must have been the outfit of the Flying Dutchman, but one of the oldest sailors declared that he had seen the Dutchman several years ago and that the ship which hit the Delmont was more modern.

Captain Ladd snorted whenever ghost ships were mentioned and pointed to the bow of the Delmont to show that, whatever the strange ship may have been, she was substantial enough to damage his craft. The Delmont was on the starboard tack when the helmsman spied lights ahead. He did not change the course of his vessel, as she had the right of way. Before he could swing the Delmont out of danger the other vessel was right on top of her.

In the crash which followed the bow of the Delmont was badly damaged and a great deal of her canvas came snapping down on deck.

"What's your name?" shouted the helmsman to the ship which had caused all the damage.

"Esmeralda," came the reply, and the visitor faded from view.

Two of the sailors who rushed on deck when the vessels met were certain yesterday that the reeling craft left behind a perceptible odor of brimstone, and that for at least half an hour there was a red glow on the surface of the sea. Every one admitted that the ship's cat, Jeremiah, hid in the hold and showed the most abject terror when brought on deck, when the ship out of the night had struck the Delmont was badly scratched.

The Delmont returned to Montevideo and was patched up before resuming her journey.

"I tried to find the Esmeralda, but she was not registered in Lloyd's or any place else for that matter," said Captain Ladd yesterday.

"But that isn't all," interrupted the mate. "Remember what the old man said in Montevideo. He said there used to be a coaster down this way called the Esmeralda, but she was lost at sea forty years ago."

PARK LLAMAS GIVE NEW ANIMAL DANCE TO BROADWAY

Keeper "Bill" Snyder About to Yell "Police!" When Terpsichorean Specialists Explain "Dippy" Actions in Zoo.

"It's a dip here, a dip there, and then some slide; and that's all there is to the llama glide."

And speaking of "dips," until "Bill" Snyder, head keeper of the Central Park menagerie, discovered the reasons yesterday for the presence for a week of two men in the hoofed stock animal house, he thought there were two of the "dippiest" individuals he had ever run across scrutinizing some of his jungle charges.

But there was a reason, as there generally is, and when the two men in question told Snyder they were teachers of the latest steps to a wealthy clientele, and that they had been studying the strides, hitches and glides of the zoo creatures that seemed to offer support to the theory that rhythm is the poetry of motion, Bill had to exclaim, "Can you beat it!" which was only a spontaneous reflection, and not meant as a suggestion to move on.

Not until then had the keeper, more than twenty-five years in the company of llamas, ever noticed that this hybrid-looking creature had a peculiarly graceful carriage. But under the guidance of the trained eyes of the terpsichorean artists "Bill" came to see at once an inchworm hitch, a dip, and then a sort of glide in its movements.

WIFE SPURNS HIM, SO HE SHOTS HER

Continued from first page.

breaking up of their home, was the excuse the boyish looking prisoner offered for his deed.

With the ambulance from Flower Hospital came a patrol wagon from the East 88th street station. So dense had grown the crowd by this time, a crowd such as could be gathered only in that section of the city, all in their Sunday best, that there was considerable difficulty in getting the body into the ambulance and the prisoner into the patrol wagon. But this was finally done, and both were driven, almost abreast, to the police station, where the body was carried in on a stretcher by two policemen, while two more had to half drag and half carry the prisoner.

The first question asked him before the lieutenant's desk was where he got the revolver.

"In Crotona Park this morning, where I buried it a year ago, all wrapped in burlap. I knew it was wrong to keep it in my home."

"Why did you kill her?" asked Captain Coughlin.

"Well, I've told you, I wish there was no more of it, and I'd have killed her with it."

Barker then told of his troubles. He said he had carried on a flirtation with a young woman in The Bronx, whose name and address he gave the police, but he insisted it had been harmless. Three times he left his wife within the last three months, he said, and on the first two occasions she took him back. The third time, two weeks ago, she broke up her home and went to live with her father, Charles Calhoun, No. 4150 Wickham avenue, The Bronx, taking her two youngest children, Parker, four years old, and Henry, one year old, with her. Her eldest, Grace, she sent to the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy.

Barker told the police that he knew his wife would visit the convent during the afternoon and would leave about 4 o'clock.

"But I didn't mean to kill her," he said, after he had been in custody an hour or so. "I only intended to end my own life, but I lost control of myself."

He looked so weak and pale that the police asked him if he used cocaine or opium. But he insisted he had not. Coroner's Physician Lechane, who came to see the body, said Barker was a nervous wreck.

The police were fearful lest he would attempt to kill himself, and when he was placed in a cell for the night a guard was placed over him.

The police say he admitted that two weeks ago he tried to stab his wife when he met her outside her parents' home, but that she was too quick for him and escaped.

Miss Freda Schumacher, an eighteen-year-old girl, living at No. 2149 Clinton avenue, The Bronx, is the woman Barker mentioned. She was seen at her home last night. At first she refused to say anything about the matter, but finally consented to give her version.

Miss Schumacher, who is small and attractive in appearance, said she had been in constant fear that Barker would harm his wife, but she denied strongly that she was in any way responsible for the murder. She said she had known Mrs. Barker for a long time and was on the most friendly terms with her.

HORSE PROTECTORS MEET

Anti-Poisoners' Association Reviews Year's Work.

The Horse Owners' Protective Association, at its first annual convention at the University Settlement last night, heard that the work of the association had been so effective that not a horse had been poisoned in the last eight months. Before September, 1912, from ten to twelve horses were poisoned every week.

The association also has recovered 224 out of 226 horses stolen, and arrests for cruelty have been reduced by two-thirds since it was founded. Louis Brenner was elected president; Morse M. Frankel, director and general secretary; Joseph Feldman, vice-president, and Meyer Cohen, treasurer.

A resolution in support of David S. Kalof, former president of the association, who has been convicted of horse poisoning, was adopted. A petition will be sent to Justice Vernon M. Davis asking for clemency for Kalof.

POLICEMAN KILLS GUNMAN IN DUEL

Kisses Fiancee, Then Joins in Deadly Melee of Gangsters.

HIS BULLET FOILS SHOT FROM BEHIND

Mate's Warning Saves Brother Officer—Battle in Brooklyn Saloon.

Within a few moments after he had kissed his fiancée goodbye, early yesterday morning, Patrolman Francis G. Walsh, was in the thick of a melee between gangsters in a saloon on Nostrand avenue. Walsh came out of the fight unscathed, but one of the "gunmen" lay dead as a result of the policeman's head-on marksmanship.

Walsh is attached to the Elizabeth street police station, in Manhattan, but Saturday night he was off duty and went to call on his fiancée, who lives in Nostrand avenue, Brooklyn.

He was shortly after 1 o'clock yesterday morning before he started for his home, at No. 150 72d street, Ruth Beach. On his way to the elevated train, Walsh was told by an excited citizen, who knew him to be a policeman, that "Jim" Stevens, a gangster of the district, had gone into the saloon of Enrico Martino, at No. 45 Nostrand avenue, "with a gun on his hip to make trouble."

Walsh then forced his way into the saloon, where he was attacked by James Rubinetto, a loudly thumping sound landed all in a heap in the street. Then the real trouble began, for some one pulled a pistol and began to shoot.

As it happened, Patrolman N. J. Nolan was near by. Now, Nolan has a reputation as a two-handed gun fighter. As soon as he heard the first shot fired he jumped into the middle of the fray. Rubinetto was just gathering himself together to renew his battle. Nolan attacked him, but at the same time he noticed that Walsh, who was in a fight with half a dozen others, was in dire peril.

"Look out for the fellow behind you with a gun!" he yelled to Walsh, who wheeled to see Stevens with his pistol drawn.

"I'll kill you, you big butter-in!" yelled Stevens, opening fire.

"You'll kill nothing," retorted Walsh, getting his own pistol into action. His fire was much better than Stevens', with the result that the gangster fell dying from a wound in the abdomen.

By this time Nolan had Rubinetto under control, while the half dozen other men in the place were sufficiently impressed by Walsh's marksmanship to be willing to capitulate, especially when they saw reinforcement arrive in the person of Patrolman Mulder.

The three policemen rounded up the gang and took them to the station house. As a matter of form, Walsh was placed under arrest by Captain Tierney, of the Vernon avenue station. Later he was arraigned in the Gates avenue court, and paroled by the magistrate in custody of his present commander, Captain Falconer, of the Elizabeth street station.

Also, as a matter of police routine, Walsh was suspended by Deputy Commissioner Dillon, pending an investigation into the shooting by the department.

Walsh's courage in going into the fight was especially noteworthy, since he had incurred the enmity of the gangster in the district by arresting one of their number on a previous visit, for which they had vowed vengeance.

BAKER ROBBED OF \$195

Men Who Held Him Up Also Got Gold Watch and Chain.

Eugene Wachter, a baker, living at No. 22 Post Road, White Plains, attended a meeting of the Manufacturing Bakers' Association here Saturday night. The meeting closed at a late hour, and it was 4 o'clock yesterday morning when he reached the Bronx Park station of the Third avenue elevated.

He was crossing the bridge leading from the trains to the Webster avenue car line when two men stopped him and, with revolvers raised, told him to give them his money. They then took a gold watch and chain from his pocket. Wachter was in no mood to offer resistance, and it was with no difficulty that the thieves also obtained from him a wallet containing \$195. Then they told him he'd better go home.

He reported the hold-up at the Bathgate avenue police station.

BANDIT IS SHIELD IN GUN BATTLE

Robber's Bullet Fatally Hurts Mate in Fight with Policeman.

WHEN IN CELL MAN DISCOVERS WOUND

Four Victims in Two Jersey Battles by Same Gang—Third Fugitive Caught.

Two of the "gunmen" who engaged in a revolver duel with Patrolmen Kennedy and Feitz, of the Elizabeth, N. J., police force, just before midnight on Saturday, wounding the patrolmen and leaving one of their own number wounded, took part in another shooting affray about three hours later with Patrolman Thomas, of the Newark force. One of them, a negro, who gave his name as Nelson Smith, is lying in the Newark City Hospital, with a bullet in his right lung, having been shot by a comrade, but was caught later.

Thomas, having captured Smith, held the man in front of him as a shield when another bandit started to shoot at the patrolman. After firing the shot which wounded Smith the other man escaped.

In the arrest of the two "gunmen" the police of Newark and Elizabeth believe they have succeeded in breaking up one of the most dangerous gangs that has operated in New Jersey for some time. Efforts are now being made to locate the third man.

Thomas had been warned before going on duty early Sunday morning to look out for the two hold-up men who had escaped after the pistol duel with Feitz and Kennedy. He was standing on a corner a few minutes later, when he saw two men running across lots. He immediately ran in front of them.

The men tried to escape, but Thomas grabbed hold of Smith. When he did this the other man drew back a few paces and told the patrolman to release Smith. "Let go or I'll shoot," said the bandit to Thomas, who was engaged in a scuffle with the negro. Thomas pulled his prisoner around so as to shield his own body, and the next moment the "gunman" fired, the bullet entering Smith's right lung.

After the shooting the man turned and ran. Thomas, holding the negro with one hand, fired two shots at the other man, but missed.

Smith, although wounded so badly he probably will die, did not know he had been wounded until after he had been taken to Elizabeth. There he was identified by Feitz and Kennedy. Then he was conveyed to Newark. Having been placed in a cell, the negro complained of feeling ill. His wound was then discovered and he was rushed to the hospital.

Smith told the police that he, John Powell, the other negro "gunman" wounded, and the third man, who escaped, started from Newark early Saturday night for the purpose of robbing houses in the outlying districts. After holding up a Chinaman and relieving him of \$20, the trio went to Elizabeth, where they encountered Feitz and Kennedy, who were in plain clothes.

The two patrolmen trailed the two negroes and the white man and finally attempted to arrest one of the negroes. The other two men then started to shoot and their fire was returned. Before Kennedy and Feitz went down from the desperate bullets they succeeded in wounding Powell. The three wounded men were taken to the General Hospital in Elizabeth.

After Smith had been taken to the Elizabeth Hospital for purposes of identification and had himself identified, Powell as one of his confederates, he told the police he had not fired any shots in the two battles with the police. A loaded revolver was found in one of his socks, however.

After an all day hunt for the third

man, the police are now making every effort to locate him.

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MITCHELL STILL SILENT

Talks of Cabbages and Kings, but Is Mum on Appointments.

Mayor-elect Mitchell and Robert Adams returned from Washington yesterday. Mr. Mitchell had no more definite word of consolation for the office seekers than when he left the city Saturday. He said he had no announcements to make yet, and intimated that he had not definitely decided upon any particular appointees.

Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Adams declared they had a very pleasant time at the Gridiron Club dinner, and regretted that they had been unable to pay their respects to President Wilson, who was too ill to receive them. They called on Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury Department, and had a long talk with him which was of no local political significance. Mr. Adams said.

Asked if it had been decided whether he would continue in his present place as secretary to the Mayor, Mr. Adams said that he had no announcement to make in that connection at present. Asked whether he would be willing to serve as Fire Commissioner, Mr. Adams also said he had no announcement to make.

Add to Hospital Aids.

The Beth Israel Hospital has added to its directorate Judge Otto A. Rosalysky, Leon Kaminsky, Harris Wolff, Emanuel Neuman, Abraham Blum, Milton D. Einstein and Joseph Ravitch.

TO AID FAILED BANK

Committee Named to Unravel Tangle in Bayonne.

Mayor Matthew T. Cronin of Bayonne and the committee of reorganization of the First National Bank of Bayonne will meet Charles H. Chapman, the receiver, this morning, and go over the plan to straighten out the bank's affairs, and also get some idea of how its finances stand.

The committee, announced last night is made up of Judge Peter Stillwell, of the District Court; former Judge Frederick Chamberlain, of the District Court; Thomas J. Parker, president of the Bayonne Free Library, which has \$22,000 tied up in the bank; Samuel H. Edwards, of the Tidewater Oil Company, who will represent the Young Men's Christian Association, which has \$12,000 tied up, and Thomas F. Garrett, chairman of the Depositors' Association.

Mayor Cronin represents the city, \$30,000 of whose sinking fund was on deposit. The committee expects to be able to make a report at a meeting to-morrow night.

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